## THE **LOWERS** PARTING

FAREWELL my dearest Henry, since you to sea must go,

To plough the raging ocean, and to f ce the daring foe, O think of your poor Mary Ann when on a foreign shore You have promised there is none but me you ever

can actore, Then take this pledge of love, 'tis a ring I bri ke in two. One half then I will keep myse f, that I may think of you My love I'm sure it cannot change, be false I never can One kiss my deat before we part, be true to Mary Ann

From childhood we have loved, but since it must be so, That you have choosed a s ilors life, mild may the breezes blow.

And wrive my own dear Henry, safe back to Englands shore.

Its then we shall be married love, I hape to part no more,

Then go my jolly sailor, my heart still beats for thee,

- O, may kind fortune spare your life, in all danger you go thro'
- So do your duty manfully, let virtue guide your hand, To return to bless your faithfull girl, your own dear Mary Ann.

It was early the next morning, just by the break of day, The order came on board, and quick sail out to sea,

- The boatswain piped all hands aloft, my lads come haste away
- The aucher's weigh'd the gallant ship sail'd proudly through the bay,

There to foreign lands, far away from home they steer, Some think upon their sweethearts, and some their parents dear,

And each unto his pretty girl, they toss flowing can,

Hurrah my boys young Henre cries, heres to my Mary Aun.

And when upon the Ocean when seas rose mountain high Young Henry he was first aloft, all dangers did defy, Respected by his officers, beloved by all the crew,

smarter sailor never stept or waived a jacket blue, was his happy fortune, his captain for to save,

Up n the coast of Africa, while strugling with the waves

- He threw himself into the sea where both about were toss'd
- The boat it came' one moment more, his life it would be lost.
- They crimsed about in different parts, for three long years or more

At length the order came on board, to sail for England shore,

Unto that land that gave them birthwith all they held so dear,

All perils past, the ship at last into the port did steer, The ship it laid in harbour, and then the jolly crew, They give three cleers at parting each other and adieu

The captain gave him filty pounds and took him by the hand,

The day young Henry married was unto his Mary Ann.

## THE WELCHMEN'S LEEK, OR.

ST. DAVID'S DAY

PALE Winter with thy icy face, We bid thee now farewell,

For manlike March has taken place, With us short time to dwell ;

- He's brother unto April showers, And ushers in sweet May,
- And in his cap le we rs a leek, Upon St. David's d.v.
- When Julius Cæsar with his force Did fis' invade the Lind
- The Welchman bold, with foot and horse, Did this proud toe wathstand,
- A tribute he from them did seek Which they refused to pay,

For which they always wear a leek, Upon St. David's day.

Then afterwards the S xons came Who Essex did obtain,

And with an army were prepared, The kingdom for to gain

Each town and city went to rack, While Saxons' bore the sway.

At length the Welchmen drove them back Upon St. David's day

The next to them the Danes come in, That proud surprizing foe,

- At Winehester they did begin, The land to overibrow,
- Until at lengto great Alfred came, Who drove them quite away,

And conquer'd all the Danish crew, Upon St. David's day.

When crookid back'd Richard wore the crown. As Regent of the land,

No policy could pull down, Or this proud foe withstand.

- Till Henry of Richmond entered Wales.
- Whom Welchmen did obey,
- And conquer'd him in Bosworth Field, Upon St. David's day

St James he is the Spainard's boast,

St. Dennis is for France, St. Patrick in the Western coast,

The Irishmen advance :

George bears the sword, David the scal, And Justice bears the sway,

Old Englaud drinks a health to Wales,

- Upon St. David's day. The Welchmen they were always true, They have full intent,
- To give their King and Prince their due, And love their president,

And to maintain their ancient fame, Which never will decay,

Love's blessings light upon his name, Who keeps St. Dav.d's day.

Henson Printer, Bookbinder & c. Lower End of BridgeStreet, Northampton.

1820